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"Faggots and flints! the boyee 'll be chawed up," exclaimed the bear-tamer, in great excitement. "Let go, yur durned varmint; let go, er!"

## OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER; OR, THE Wild Huntress of the Rocky Mountains.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Nephew of Old Grizzly Adams, and author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper," "The Blackfoot Queen; or, Old Nick Whiffles in the Valley of Death," etc.

### CHAPTER I THE SACRIFICE.

"Hark, lad! that they go ag'in!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, slightly leaning forward in an attitude of intense listening. "I tell you them Blackfeet ar' one uv the' cantankerous tams 'bout somethin', an' I should judge from the yell they're givin', they've got a prisoner, an', what's more, they're powerful glad on it."

The companion of the old hunter, and to whom this remark was addressed, was a young man of some eighteen or nineteen years of age, of remarkably fine physical development, which

was shown to great advantage by his closely-fitting suit of buckskin, and upon whose handsome face there rested a look of eager anticipation.

The two were standing just within a line of bushes that fringed a slight eminence, with their faces turned down the valley from whence came the yell that had attracted their attention.

These sounds had continued for some time, monotonously increasing, not only in volume, but in fierceness, until, at the moment when Old Grizzly had spoken, the very air was trembling with their volume.

To the ears of the experienced hunter their

meaning was perfectly plain; hence his assumption that they were yell's of rejoicing over the capture of a prisoner.

"The' village is close by," he continued, "an' I'll bet my old moccasins ag'in a piece of parflech that the whole tribe ar' out an' at it."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated the young hunter. "And perhaps they are torturing him at this moment! Come, let us forward; we may rescue the poor wretch!"

And without waiting to see the effect of his remarks, the impetuous youth started forward, carrying his rifle at a trail.

For a moment Old Grizzly stood as if struck dumb, but, quickly recovering, he sprang for-

ward, and laying his brawny hand on his young companion's shoulder, suddenly brought him to a standstill.

"Ar' ye mad, boy, that ye would run y'ur head into that nest ny raffters?" he asked, somewhat sternly. "I tell ye that the whole tribe ar' out, an' what's wuss, the' blood's up."

Do ye think that two men kin face a hundred uv the imps an' not lose the' ha'r? Why, I'm ashamed on ye. Whar's the good uv all my trainin' et y'ur' to lose y'ur head this a-way?"

It was rarely that the old hunter gave way to such evidences of temper, especially toward his young companion, who was the very apple of his eye.

Old Grizzly Adams, the bear-tamer, so well known in after years in connection with his pet, Sampson, had made the acquaintance of Alfred Badger some two or three years previous, and formed for him the strongest friendship. This had grown with the growth of the boy so that in the intervening time he had learned to look upon him as his own son, had kept him constantly by his side, learned him the proper use of weapons, and instructed him in the arts and wiles of border warfare.

Upon the part of the young man this affection was strongly reciprocated, and he had come to regard the word or command of his friend as law in all matters appertaining to their wild life.

With a light laugh, though his clear gray eyes still flashed with the excitement of the moment, Alfred turned and faced the irate bear-tamer.

"I haven't forgot the training, uncle Grizzly," he said, using the familiar title by which he always addressed the other. "But surely we will not remain idly here and suffer some fellow to perish at the hands of these devils."

"How's ye goin' to purvent it?" was the cool response of the bear-tamer.

"There must be a way," returned the youth, with fresh excitement, as the yell came pealing up the valley with renewed fierceness.

"There *must* be a way, and I know that you can find it out. You never fail when you attempt such things."

"Now y' all's talkin' reasonable. Such things can't be did in a scurry, even if it can be did at all. We must think a bit, fur as I said before, this here runnin' into a whole village us Blackfeet, an' them in the'ntumans, ain't no child's play, now."

For a minute Old Grizzly stood leaning upon his long rifle, looking intently down into the bore as if to consult some spirit that lay concealed there. Presently he drew his stalwart figure up with a jerk, threw the heavy piece into the hollow of his left arm, and uttering the single word "Come," stepped cautiously out of the fringe of bushes, and began the descent into the valley below.

Knowing how useless it would be to question, the young hunter followed closely behind, imitating his leader's example and dodging from cover to cover.

The yell greatly increased as they drew forward, and now they could distinguish the shrill screams of women and the still louder trill of children's voices. The very ears of the town seemed to have caught the infection, and to the pandemonium of sound was added their yelps and savage barking.

"Dang the old moccasins of it don't beat enything as ever I heard afore," whispered Old Grizzly, who had thrown his rifle forward and pulled back the hammer. "I tell you, Alph, my lad, they're stuck a big lead, an' the whole tribe ar' rejoicing over it. We'll see in a minite, Make fur that big red-oak yander an' step lighter up, or y' all's goin' to fall."

Together the two drew forward, closely hugging the earth, and a moment later were safely concealed behind the huge trunk, looking out upon the open, and beheld a scene of the most startling character.

The clearing before them was a rod or two in width, and was of the character of a gorge or valley. In the center of this, securely fastened to a post, with the wood plied about him, ready for ignition, stood a white man, while fully a hundred Blackfeet, warriors, squaws and children, were brandishing tomahawks, knives and guns, and engaging in the most furious and gory warfare about their victim. It was from them that came those frightful whoops and screeches that made the arches of the woods ring again.

As the white man stood his face was only partially visible; but the glimpses obtained showed that he viewed his fate with the stoicism of an Indian himself. His dress was that of a hunter, and he seemed perfectly quiescent, waiting for the final scene.

The eye of the young man kindled. His breath came and went rapidly, hissing through his clenched teeth, while his broad chest rose and fell under the influence of suppressed exclamation.

"He must be rescued," he said, in a low, determined tone.

"A hundred men mont do it, but nary two alive kin," replied Old Grizzly. "Come, come, lad, don't go an' lose y'ur head ag'in." The man is a goner es sartin es death an' the grave. But, dang my old moccasins, if I don't feel sorry fur him, fur he ar' game an' no mistake."

"But can we not make a sudden charge, create a panic and free him in the surprise? We have time enough for life."

"Give him a chance fur life, boy!" growled the old hunter. "Yes, an' lose our own a-tryin' it. No, lad, it would on'y be givin' 'em three to cut er' cantankerous tantrums about 'stead of one. The man ar' got to die an' that ain't no poss'ble help fur it."

"Oh, do not let us stand by and see that man perish by such terrible torture! Let me do something!"

"I will compromise with y'u," said the old hunter, drawing back the hammer of his rifle. "I can't bring the hull tribe onto us, an' they save him from himself."

"How? how?" was the eager inquiry.

"With this," replied Grizzly, softly patting the stock of his piece. "From whar I stand I kin send a bullet square between his eyes, so square that he'll never know what hurt him, an' ef that won't be a mace I can't see as what will."

"It will! it will! if he can not be saved; but it's an awful thing, uncle Grizzly."

"But, mind you, my lad, the crack ar' this rifle 'll bring the hull tribe onto us, an' then the on'y chance ar' to lute out an' depend on good hard runnin'—an' a heap uv it."

"I know. I know!" was the steady response.

"Ar' ye ready?" asked the bear-tamer, as he slowly drew the rifle to his face.

"I am."

Higher and higher rose the deadly barrel; the level was reached, and the eye of the marksman, who never missed his aim, glanced through the forked sight and rested upon the center of their prisoner's forehead.

Without a quiver the finger rested upon the trigger; another instant and the pressure would be applied, when came with a low exclamation of surprise, the bear-tamer lowered the piece, and stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder upon a startling apparition that had appeared as though from out the earth.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE APPARITION.

Out from the dense forest on the right of the Indian village dashed a horse of a pure white color upon whose back was seated a woman, dressed in a gaudy half-civilized costume, her feet incased in moccasins, and a bright blue shawl wrapped around her waist, with one end flowing over her shoulder, while her long black hair streamed far out, like the mane of the horse, and with a wild, eager look, she dashed swiftly forward toward the amazed prisoner.

At her side galloped a large brown bear, seemingly intent on his mistress' steps, and keeping his position as close to her as though he was a favorite dog whose affection could never permit him to pass beyond her sight.

Right through the surging crowd of infuriated savages the white horse and his fearless rider dashed, while close behind, snapping right and left, and growling frightfully, the huge brown bear followed, seemingly a faithful guardian over the safety of his mistress.

Where but an instant before there had reigned such a tumult of fierce yell and violent gestures, now rested a silence as complete as though some magic power had been used to envelop the stakes.

Never for an instant halting or hesitating, but with her gaze fixed upon the now staring captive, the strange being rode forward at full speed, the astounded and affrighted throng parting upon either side, leaving a clear avenue to the stake.

This it required but a moment for the rider to reach, when, quick as thought, the blade of a long keen knife flashed in the sunlight, and the woman, bending far over, applied the edge to the bonds that confined the doomed man. With a sharp crack they parted, and the prisoner stood free.

A single motion of the woman's hand indicated to him his next act.

Leaping upon the pile of faggots, by which he was surrounded, he placed his right hand upon his preserver's shoulder, and lightly vaulted upon the white steed's back.

The rein was given the horse; and, heading obliquely across the open, and directly toward where the bear-tamer and his companion lay concealed, the strange cavalcade swept like a whirlwind from before the eyes of the still completely paralyzed Indians.

It was evident that this apparition was not unknown to the Blackfeet. The sudden recoil, the universal terror, so great as to actually deprive them of motion, their remaining silent, while the prisoner was being carried off in their very sight, showed the powerful influence that was exerted upon their minds by the woman, the white horse and their savage companion.

But the spell was not of long duration. At once the loud, clear voice of the chief rose upon the air; a few rapid commands and the charm was broken. Again the fierce desire for vengeance asserted itself, and with yell of rage a score of little active warriors darted forward in pursuit.

"Look, boyce, look!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, in strong excitement. "By the everlasting! eat-a-mont, the white! whoever she ar', 'll have the hull tribe onto us!"

Such, indeed, seemed to be the case; for as we have stated, the wild rider, in leaving the Indian camp, bore directly down upon the spot occupied by the two hunters.

As the bear-tamer ceased speaking, the white horse dashed by within ten paces of the oak beater, who stood, and vanished like a tempest in the heavy timber beyond.

Knowing how useless it would be to question, the young hunter followed closely behind, imitating his leader's example and dodging from cover to cover.

The yell greatly increased as they drew forward, and now they could distinguish the shrill screams of women and the still louder trill of children's voices. The very ears of the town seemed to have caught the infection, and to the pandemonium of sound was added their yelps and savage barking.

"We must—" "Yes, we must, an' thet durned quick! Away with ye, and ef ever ye did travel, now's the time to do it ag'in."

But the movement was too late.

Quick as were the motions of the two men, as they sprang back into the chaparral, the keen eyes of the savages were quicker, and, at the first sight of their fresh game, a dozen warriors leaped forward to seize them.

Used to such emergencies, the bear-tamer, after speaking a word of caution to Alfred, darted sharply to the left, with the intention of gaining the broken ground along the base of the hills above, where, amid the ravines and heavy undergrowth, he hoped to give the red-skins the slip.

Something like half a hundred yards the two ran side by side, while shrill and clear pealed the yell of the pursuing braves.

"Ef we can make the—" but the old hunter's words were cut short in a most unexpected manner.

They were skirting a line of thick undergrowth that ran parallel with their course, and between them, or partially so, and the advancing braves. While running along this cover the bear-tamer spoke; but with a shrill whoop of exultation, a warrior sprung out of the thicket, directly in the hunters' path, and almost before he had alighted upon his feet the tomahawk left his hand and came cutting the air in rapid evolution with terrific force and precision.

His quick eye saw Old Grizzly from the start, and as he dodged, he drew his knife, and with the point between his thumb and forefinger he swung the weapon about and hurled it with fatal certainty full at the exposed breast of the warrior, who now was almost in arm's reach.

In a second's time the hunter had recovered his knife, and the two again turned to fly.

"It was too late; the bear-tamer and Alfred were surrounded.

"There's no chance to be looked fur hyer!" shouted Old Grizzly. "Back to back, boyce, an' don't let ther imp ketch y'ur eye yet. Now, then, at 'em!"

He swung his rifle to his face, and a leading brave fell, pierced through the brain.

"That counts one!" shouted the reckless bear-tamer. "Open on 'em, boyce, with y'ur pepper-box! Them's the ticket!" he continued, as the crack, crack of Alph's revolver began to be heard.

"One question, stranger," said Grizzly, who was fast losing his patience. "What you standin' thar mooin' about when I tell you the ad' missin'?"

"Pardon," condescendingly replied the man. "My thoughts were elsewhere. The young man, I have no doubt, is safe. We have heard no yell that would indicate a capture. I must be off. I must follow that white horse and see who's his rider. A woman? I must follow her!"

"Well, I'll be dod darned if I don't b'leave the hull face up the stinkar topsy-turvy 'bout this hyer woman!" exclaimed Old Grizzly.

"Go! Sartinly of yer want to, an' of yer wants to find me ag'in, why, Jess strike that line up timmer yander by the highest peak that pokas up, an' y'ull be apt to find my ranch."

"Thank you," replied the other, turning to go.

"One question, stranger," said Grizzly. "I ain't no curosity, you see. Never had none in my life, but takin' all circumstances into consideration, as the seller sez, I would like to know who you are."

For an instant the stranger hesitated; then suddenly facing about, and drawing his tail to its utmost height, he said, in a low, stern voice:

"I am Warrama, 'The Avenger,'" and was gone.

he disappeared around it, and was for the moment lost sight of.

It was a mistaken act.

Two of the pursuing warriors had taken to the hill-side, with a view to flank the whites and at the moment when the curve hid the elder hunters from view, they simultaneously broke cover within a few feet of the young hunter and together hurled themselves upon him. Taken completely by surprise, Alfred had no opportunity to use his revolver, and, even before he could give a cry for assistance, he was borne to the earth. The bear-tamer did not, however, until he had received a smart blow on the head from a tomahawk. A moment later and he was being borne away to wild delight.

"Well, now, if that ain't a happy family! I don't know what ar'!" ejaculated Old Grizzly, with a chuckle. "Down, Blinker! Do ee want ter tar' that buck-skin cl'r off! Who'll mend 'em up ag'in, I'd like tu know?"

Wimmen is queer critters; white skin or red skin, they're possum to my persimmons, they

ain't but bet that black b'ys know smoky eagle's feather better than a buck-skin's feather with es purty a handle es 'Silver Tongue,' hey see'd

my boyce, she her become evlycized es quick esturnin' a summerst, an' I'm goin' fur her 'thar winkin'!" Hyer, purr! Y'ure on guard ag'in. Jes' y'ur keep outen my bed, an' walk aroun' hyer like Ginal Jackson guardin' the Treasury, an' ef that black b'g gives ye any of his sass go for him! D'ye hear?"

The "pur" evidently did hear, for he at once strode out into the area around the bears and continued his guard walk. Old Grizzly nodded his head apathetically, and retreated to his cave to prepare for his day's work.

Hardy had the left ear the dog set up a low, warning growl, and Grizzly reappeared.

"What ar' it, Blink?" More Indian boy?

Jes' hold y'ur wind an' wait!" The dog relapsed into silence and footsteps were plainly heard coming up through the narrow pass.

"Leaping Elk can not speak. Let the hunter obey, and quick as thought the Indian boy turned, dashed across the open space, and, with a wave of the hand, disappeared within the narrow chasm.

"Cass the boyce! Hyer's me dodgin' about the brush an' no known' whar I'll fetch up. But I'll go of I runs headfor most into the hull tribe, fur who knows but it may be about the boyce that this gal wants to jabber to me? Wimmen is queer critters; white skin or red skin, they're possum to my persimmons, they

ain't but bet that black b'ys know smoky eagle's feather better than a buck-skin's feather with

es purty a handle es 'Silver Tongue,' hey see'd

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"What ar' it, Blink?" More Indian boy?

Jes' hold y'ur wind an' wait!" The dog relapsed into silence and footsteps were plainly heard coming up through the narrow pass.

## Out in the World:

### THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW. A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### A DISCOVERY.

The bell rung its farewell note; the shrill whistle screamed out its warning, and those who did not propose to make the voyage scrambled down the plank to the wharf. But, so occupied were Romney and Van with the attentions being showered upon them by the passengers, that they took no notice of all this, and played and sung until they paused at length from sheer exhaustion.

Then Van felt the boat trembling beneath his feet, and realized at once that the vessel was pushing out into the stream.

He grasped his little foster-sister by the hand, and cried out, excitedly: "Come on, Romney; let's get off—come on!"

The children made their way as fast as they could through the thronged cabin, and down the winding stairs in front of the fire-door. When at length they stood upon the lower deck, the Magnolia was already twenty feet from the wharf. She was swinging out into the stream, stern first, and her bow was grazing the steamer Alma.

"Let's jump on the Alma!" exclaimed Van, taking in the situation at once a glance; and the next moment he had leaped.

Turning to give his hand to Romney, who was unable to reach the deck unassisted, he saw that a crowd of deck hands, who were pulling in the hawser, had shoved her back, and now there was a gap of thirty feet between the two boats.

"Van! Van!" cried Romney, wringing his hands in the greatest alarm. "Oh, Van, come for me—I come for me!"

Her cries were drowned in the confusion of getting the steamer under weigh, and when she saw that there was no notice taken of her grief, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, and strained her eyes shoreward.

She could see Van, even through her tears, standing against one of the fenders of the Alma, waving

Madame Thorne, a popular actress, was to be the *Mrs. Haller* of the evening.

The house was crowded by a fashionable audience; diamonds and bright eyes flashed in rivalry, and the atmosphere was agreeably sweet with a hundred perfumes. All this amazed little Romney, and pleased her, too, and when the orchestra rolled out an intoxicating, ravishing, delicious strain from "Il Trovatore," she clapped her hands with delight, and, but for Grace's interference, would have shouted her pleasure aloud.

The trio occupied a private box to the left of the stage, and had a fine opportunity of scanning the glittering auditorium.

After the overture had ceased, the prompter's bell tinkled musically; then the footlights flashed up, and with a great rustle, the green baize curtain flew up behind the proscenium arch, and the play was on.

Grace became at once interested in the pathetic story the players were relating, but Chauncey had seen it so often before that he felt no interest whatever, and so he turned his *longneth* toward the dress circle, and contented himself with languidly viewing the rows of beauties within range of his vision.

Presently *Mrs. Haller* spoke, and he almost started from his seat. The voice was full of pathos, rich, ripe, and well-modulated by years of study, but he recognized it at once—it was the voice of Elinor Gregg!

When he turned his gaze upon the stage, a film came between him and her, but it passed away directly, and then his eyes confirmed the evidence of his ears; it was really Elinor Gregg.

There could be no mistaking that—the same dark, lovely, beautiful woman he had driven from him eight years before. She looked up into the box as she passed off the stage, but did not seem to recognize her betrayer; and he, feeling his guilt, and fearing discovery, shrunk back behind the lace curtains and remained there, partially concealed, until the fifth act terminated; then, with his brain in a whirl, and his heart throbbed excitedly, he folded his wife's warm wrappings about her delicate shoulders, and without seeming to hear Grace's praise of Madame Thorne, hurried out of the theater.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

VAN TAGGART went home to his mother in tears, and told her, as best he could, how he had lost little Romney forever.

Mrs. Taggart cried very hard at first, and then, as she always did, took a second and more cheerful view of the matter.

"She will come back on the boat, Van," she said; "the captain will be sure and bring her back with him."

Van was doubtful of this for a time, but finally began to think it possible, and ere the third day had passed he found himself searching the columns of the *Enquirer* for news of the "Magnolia."

At last he commenced to trace her return in the river dispatches. Now she stopped at Evansville for leaf lard; again he heard of her coming through the canal at Louisville, and then on the tenth day of her absence the *Times* noted her arrival at Madison.

There was only one hundred miles between Van and Romney now, or at least he hoped that such was the case, and he could do nothing but wander along the wharf and *look eagerly* for every new arrival.

It was close to sunset of the tenth day, when Van described the stately Magnolia rounding the point below the City Gas Works. He found some difficulty now in keeping out of the water—he had such a wild, boyish desire, to swim out and meet Romney before the crowd of hackmen, and runners could swarm into the cabin, and be witnesses of the meeting, which he felt would be—at least on his side—tender and fatal.

But, however delicious a private interview would have been to the little enthusiast, the risk was altogether too great, and so he contented himself with standing at the very brink of the river, and every now and then waving his cap at the approaching steamer.

When there was but fifty yards between the Magnolia and the shore, a little fairy form, robed in rich raiment and looking like an angel, tripped out on the guards—and recognizing Van at once, began shouting to him and waving her snowy apron, too, by way of a salute.

It would be a vain task to describe the meeting of Romney and Van. They both shouted and laughed, and then cried—cried partly because of their joy, and partly because that tears came easy, and words were hard to get out.

After the first outburst had subsided, Van held Romney out at arm's length, and surveyed her from head to foot with a critical eye.

"You're dressed turned nice," he said, at length. "Whose clothes?"

"These are mine now," replied Romney. "Mrs. Watterson made me a gift of them. Don't you think I look pretty?"

Yes, Van thought she looked very pretty—prettier than ever he had seen her look before, but he was not pleased, after all.

He felt that strangers had done a good deal more for the girl in ten days than he had done in eight years, and he was a little jealous that any person, other than himself, should be kind to her, and have this to say.

"I would buy you good clothes, too, if I only had the money," he said, with a sigh.

The girl looked into his serious face with wondering eyes, and, child though she was, detected the truth.

"You've bought me many nice things—and—and besides, I'd rather have you with old clothes than anybody."

Van Taggart stooped down and kissed his foster-sister, and then, boy-like, blushed to the temples and told her to "come on."

She could not go without her violin; nor without saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Watterson, who had been so kind that she could not help loving them some; and so Van accompanied her back into the cabin, where she met those of whom she was in quest.

Grace, robed in rich pearl-colored silk, kneeled down on the soft velvet carpet and wound her snowy arms around Romney, kissing her on either cheek, and saying, finally:

"Wouldn't you like to come and live with me?"

Romney looked uneasily at Van, who stood at a little distance swinging his cap backward and forward, his eyes riveted to the carpet, and his cheeks glowing with blushes.

"I couldn't go away from Van and Mamma Taggart," she said; "but, I like you, too, and sometime Van and me will come and play for you. Won't we?"

This query was directed at Van, who managed to stammer out that he would be glad to do so, if the lady cared for music.

Grace liked music very much, she replied, and nothing would please her better than to have Van and Romney come out to her place at Clifton, and play for her and Chauncey as often as twice a week.

"You see, we have no children," Grace said, "and we like children very much indeed."

This was then settled, and Romney and Van left the Wattersons' good-by and hurried off to Rat Row, where Mrs. Taggart had a little feast of welcome spread, and where the evening was spent in Mrs. Taggart and Van listening to the little wanderer's account of her travels.

When, however, they retired that night, Van appeared more serious than usual, and maintained this demeanor until the third day; when they all arose quite early, and the children started for Clifton full of gleeful anticipations.

With some difficulty they found Bolton Place, the suburban residence of the Wattersons. It was a grand old house, with numerous wings, a colonnaded colonnade, and two towering minarets ending in gilded globes, which glittered in the sunlight like balls of fire. A low stone wall overgrown with sweetbriar skirted the vast estate on the east and south, but there was no need for any defense or guard on the north and west, since Bolton House stood on the top of a high hill which sloped north and west into Mill Creek Valley.

"It's a grand place, ain't it?" said Van, after passing the little white lodge of the porter.

"Yes, it's so nice," replied Romney. "Listen how the birds sing. They never sing that way down at the Row, do they?"

No, he never had heard them sing that way at the Row, nor indeed, for that matter, had he never heard them sing at the Row at all, and there was a sadness in his voice when he said, a moment after: "The Row is a gloomy old den, an' it ain't fit for nobody to live in."

Grace was very glad to see the young minstrels; she took them all through the fine house; served them a bounteous lunch in her own room; astonished them with the costliness and grandeur of the drawing-room; dazzled their eager eyes with myriads of flowers in the mammoth glass conservatory, where no end of cascades leaped out of mossy bank and over artificial mountain-peaks, falling into crystal basins flicked with water-lilies.

At last, after a survey of the premises, the children played some of Mozart's sweetest music from the brightest of all his compositions, "Don Giovanni," and then Grace treated them to a little of Baffo on the piano; after thanking her for which, the minstrels walked into the city, highly delighted with Bolton Place and its mistress.

This was especially true of Romney, who never seemed to tire of praising Grace, nor of extolling the beauties of her rural home, while Van acquiesced in every thing she said, but grew more silent and moody every day.

Before a great many days had elapsed from the date of the first visit, Romney and Van went out to Bolton Place again, and passed an enjoyable time, and on the succeeding day Chauncey Watterson astonished the denizens of Rat Row by making a formal call on Mrs. Taggart.

It was close to sunset of the tenth day, when Van described the stately Magnolia rounding the point below the City Gas Works. He found some difficulty now in keeping out of the water—he had such a wild, boyish desire, to swim out and meet Romney before the crowd of hackmen, and runners could swarm into the cabin, and be witnesses of the meeting, which he felt would be—at least on his side—tender and fatal.

But, however delicious a private interview would have been to the little enthusiast, the risk was altogether too great, and so he contented himself with standing at the very brink of the river, and every now and then waving his cap at the approaching steamer.

"That's what I told him," said Mrs. Taggart—"that you would never go," and then the girl and woman were folded close in each other's arms.

Van did not speak, but sat apart, silent and moody.

Before the children slept that night, Mrs. Taggart related to the mystified Romney the story of her advent in Rat Row, winding up the narrative, at last, by saying: "But, no real mother ever loved a real daughter better than I love you, and Van, there, I'm sure, thinks more of you than most brothers think of their sisters."

This romantic revelation did not impress the girl as it would have done an older person, but, when she kissed Van "good night," an hour later, she blushed unconsciously, and felt very much like crying because that tears came easy, and words were hard to get out.

After she was fast asleep, Van, who always sat up later, said to his mother, in a calm, serious voice:

"It ain't right to keep Romney in this way, when she has a chance to do so much better."

Mrs. Taggart opened her eyes in astonishment, and replied: "But, we couldn't give her up to strangers—we would be so lone-some for her."

"We are strangers to her, too," he said, after a pause, "and what's our lone-someness got to do with it? It appears selfish to keep her down because of giving her up we would suffer a little. If she misses this 'ere chance, she'll suffer a good deal more than we will."

"But, Van, I thought you liked her too much to give her up?"

"So I does," he replied, his eyes filling; "better than anybody can guess—better than I can tell; and because I do like her, that's why I would sacrifice myself for her."

"You've bought me many nice things—and—and besides, I'd rather have you with old clothes than anybody."

Van Taggart stooped down and kissed his foster-sister, and then, boy-like, blushed to the temples and told her to "come on."

She could not go without her violin; nor without saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Watterson, who had been so kind that she could not help loving them some; and so Van accompanied her back into the cabin, where she met those of whom she was in quest.

Grace, robed in rich pearl-colored silk, kneeled down on the soft velvet carpet and wound her snowy arms around Romney, kissing her on either cheek, and saying, finally:

"Wouldn't you like to come and live with me?"

Romney looked uneasily at Van, who stood at a little distance swinging his cap backward and forward, his eyes riveted to the carpet, and his cheeks glowing with blushes.

"I couldn't go away from Van and Mamma Taggart," she said; "but, I like you, too, and sometime Van and me will come and play for you. Won't we?"

er's, was thinking of Mother Moll's ominous words.

Had those words startled Minerva? Had they turned her thoughts from him?

The image of Lorin Gray arose in his mind; Malcolm Arlington knew him well enough. A bitter feeling of jealousy took possession of him.

Had he—this common millman, a place in the bosom of the aristocratic Minerva?

The banker drove slowly away with these dark thoughts in his soul. He determined this very night to know more of the strange affair. He was well aware of an old-time rumor, that Minerva Ames had the opera in high esteem; but now, she had given him her heart and hand.

Minerva started violently as his closing words fell on her ear. Her face paled to a pale ashen color.

She stared at him, and then, as he stood, lamp in hand, half turning toward him.

"Can you not speak, Lorin Gray?" she asked, in a severe tone, "or have you lost utterance?" "Or," and her eyes flashed,

"after seeing her, and basking in her smiles, have you come hither to insult me in my poverty? Speak, I say, and then—we had better say good-night!"

It came hard to believe that this was the meek-eyed, gentle-faced Bessie Raynor who was speaking those bold, cutting words of sarcasm.

Lorin Gray started violently. His face first reddened, then paled. How had she known of his visit to the elegant mansion on Lawrence street. Had she seen him there, that night, and heard the words and witnessed the scene? If so, then, indeed, was he in her power.

He arose and approached her, but she again drew away.

"Why do you shun me, Bessie? Am I a villain, am I a leper, or am I not, as ever, your friend?"

"My friend? Why, Lorin Gray, do you so soon forget? I say again, the time is speeding; the time is late. I have a crippled brother, as you—"

"Bessie Raynor! Good heavens! Oh, Lorin, I will—"

He arose and approached her, but she again drew away.

"But the millman, suddenly seizing his hat, left the room. A moment and the front door closed.

He was gone, never more to return as the suitor of Minerva Ames.

The banker's daughter had sprung toward him as he uttered his last words; but, when she heard the door close, she sunk to the floor in a swoon.

Lorin Gray had not proceeded ten paces from the residence when, suddenly, a tall form stood in his way, and a strong hand clutched him by the arm. He started back, and, in a moment, had assumed the defensive.

"Hold, fellow, and answer me!" exclaimed the other, in a deep voice of passion. "I saw all through the window; I saw you take Minerva Ames' hand; I saw you appealing words to her. Tell me how dare you do such a thing; tell me, or I'll chastise you at once!"

He strengthened his grasp as he uttered the words.

Lorin Gray's blood boiled in his veins.

"I know you, Mr. Arlington," he said, in a low, menacing voice. "But I'll answer you, nor any man, by threats. Out of my way, or take the consequences!"

"Hold, fellow, I say, or—"

He raised his cane threateningly over the millman's shoulder.

Lorin Gray did not wait. He sprang forward, and seizing his opponent by the shoulders, hurled him, like a puppet, to the pavement. Without waiting to see the consequences, he strode on.

Malcolm Arlington, discomfited and defeated, slowly arose, and shaking his clenched hand after the operative, muttered, in a hoarse whisper:

"By heaven! you shall pay for this! Oh, Minerva!"

the kindness you have shown me, and for the consideration with which you have always treated me. I can never forget the hours of serene, unclouded joy I have spent in this house, in the sunshine of your presence. Yet, Minerva, I was deceived when I thought that I could love none other than you.

The barrier between you and myself was too high to be climbed; I should have known it. Now, that it is reared still higher, even beyond where my vision can penetrate, my heart turns to another, the right one, as also I have learned too late."

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# Saturday Journal

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**THE HUNTER-AUTHOR,  
CAPTAIN J. F. C. ADAMS, AGAIN!**

"The Wizard of the Pen," as he is now de-nominated, in this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL gives us the opening chapters of

**OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER,**

or,

**THE WILD HUNTRESS OF THE HILLS.**

Wherein the readers of forest and wilderness romance are once more to be made captives to the enchanting pen of the author of *THE PHANTOM PRINCESS*, whose issue created such a sensation among the *old-stock* writers. Coming from the hand of "Young Bruin Adams"—the veritable nephew of the veritable Old Grizzly, and with whom he had camped, and hunted, and explored, and fought Indians, for nearly five years, in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains—it was so new, so fresh, so life-like and expressive that it fell like a bomb in the midst of the hackneyed authors of stories of the Wilderness. In this his second contribution we have the famous Old Grizzly

As a Bear Captor and Tamer,  
As a Hunter and Trapper,  
As a Scout and Indian-Fighter,  
As a Friend truer than steel,

As an inveterate Joker and Wit,  
The Trained Bears;

all of whom are active participants in a series of acts and incidents which awaken a marvelous and intense interest, from the beginning. The story is so invested with the very life of the wild region of its *local* that it reads like a veracious narrative. This is one of the characteristics of "Young Bruin's" style; you feel that he *knows* what he speaks, and speaks from the fullness of his knowledge of the men and ways of the wild and remote West. If the *Phantom Princess* pleased and charmed readers this will excite and astonish them, and add another to the list of Captain Adams' memorable exploits, and make him a still greater favorite with the SATURDAY JOURNAL readers—for whom he writes exclusively.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Just What it Is Not.**—A correspondent clips the following notice from a Philadelphia paper:

"Albert W. Aiken announces a new play at the Brooklyn Park Theater, entitled "The Witches of New York," which promises an unlimited supply of blood, Bowie-knives, dance-houses, scalping, fire, etc., to the lovers of the chaste drama."

Some men are born to greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them; but the writer of the above *earns* his title to—well, say to making mistakes on purpose. He states just what "The Witches" are not. Possibly his readers understand his peculiar mode of paragraphing by contraries, and therefore make all necessary allowances; but, as the great public may chance upon the paragraph and be misled, we state that the drama is one of substantial literary merit and high dramatic quality—neither troubled with "blood and thunder" nor immoral moral—is most chastely and admirably rendered, by an extremely carefully-selected company, and is destined to a widespread and a long continued popularity.

**Who is Responsible?**—A lady correspondent thinks "it is simply horrible that the papers in the city should print so much about the recent awful developments regarding a certain crime." Just so; but, how is it to be prevented? The intense and morbid curiosity, of all classes of people, to learn every particular in these revolting cases, is the papers' excuse for reporting every thing attainable and gossipy.

The papers, however, are guilty in another sense—very guilty. In publishing the advertisements of these moral monsters—who, under the guise of "doctors" (male and female), announce their readiness to commit prenatal murder—the paper gives that publicity which alone can send victims to the slaughter. If the proprietors of certain of our daily and weekly journals would, not only refuse these "medical" advertisements, but, at the same time, hand the applicant over to the courts, the Alice Bowlsby and Mary Russell horrors would cease.

No doubts of young women have perished in the same awful manner, for these professed doctors are, almost without exception, the veriest charlatans in medicine and surgery; and the fact that these literal human hyenas have, in many instances, earned fortunes in the practice of their horrid profession, shows how prevalent must have been the crime to which they pander.

It is, indeed, a sad, sad story; but, now that it has been told, let us hope that an aroused public opinion will hold that paper fully responsible which inserts the advertisements of these "medical" vampires.

**A Noted Character.**—The old "man of the bears" (with whom his nephew, the Hunter-Author, so long lived in the far West) was one of the most wonderful bear-tamers, trappers, wood-rangers and Indian-fighters who ever lived. His whimsical talk, his irrepressible humor, his unselfishness, his bravery, his powers of endurance, his mastery over the brute creation, his knowledge of Indian craft, and his cunning—all are matters of record and

are yet the theme of many a camp story and bivouac "yarn."

Old Grizzly Adams is well remembered in the Atlantic States, to which he returned after a ten years' absence, with some sixteen or twenty bears, among them the celebrated mountain grizzly named Old Sampson. This magnificent beast weighed nearly sixteen hundred pounds, and stood in his tracks fully as high as a large ox. He was captured by old Adams in a "fair fight," and was so tamed that he was ridden many a mile by the great bear-tamer. The exhibition of these bears, by Adams, formed one of the most unique and interesting "shows" that ever were opened for the amusement and edification of the people.

The introduction of Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer, into romance, is, in itself, a source of interest; but when the character is handled by one who had enjoyed his love, had participated in his wild life, had shared his dangers and his triumphs, it becomes both inexplicably interesting and enticing.

The romances "Old Grizzly," the Bear-Tamer; or, *The Wild Huntress of the Hills*, will have a great run, and will prove to be one of the most popular stories which ever appeared in our popular weekly press.

**Hit it Again!**—A leading New York daily thus refers to CHARLES READE's last novel, which has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, *Every Saturday and Day's Doings*:

**OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER,**

or,

**THE WILD HUNTRESS OF THE HILLS.**

It is a piece of carriage literature, whose pretensions attracted the keen scent of the publishers, and whose sickening odor, thanks to their enterprise, now pervades the land. For they did not miscalculate the public mind nor count in vain on the baser appetites. From the prairies of Dakota to the boundaries of Maine the book is everywhere upmost in the armful of novels that the newsboy carries through the cars, and even the advertisement we now give it can add nothing to its publicity."

This is severe, but is it not just? It is this kind of censure which must purify the literary atmosphere and prevent authors and publishers alike from walking in forbidden paths.

**Artemus Ward.**—For this queer genius, as well as for a large number of other queer geniuses, the West—and Ohio especially—is and is responsible. We have in hand some reminiscences of the "showman"—now, alas! but a memory—by our "Fat Contributor," (another Ohio product), which will be read with a melancholy pleasure. The two wits were fellow "locals," in Cleveland, Ohio; and if Mr. Griswold would only tell all his "experiences" with Artemus, we should have something that would, indeed, "set the table in a roar." We will soon make place for the reminiscences.

**DIGNITY.**

GLANCING over a newspaper the other day I saw and read a notice of a church (I won't mention the denomination) who were looking for a pastor, and who had resolved not to hire a minister who played croquet. I remarked, "I supposed they thought it beneath a preacher's dignity to play croquet."

"Dignity's a humbug!" observed a friend who stood by. And if dignity consists in having to wear a long, grave face, and limbs afraid to make a free motion, why I quite agree with my friend.

But, truly dignity consists in no such thing. True dignity, to my mind, is a certain nobleness of demeanor and integrity of action which will prevent us from stooping to any little meanness, and command the involuntary respect of all with whom we associate. But, it is not inconsistent with a cheerfulness of manner, or with the taking of any healthful exercise.

Why I thought people in this age of the world were far enough advanced in the annals of "muscular Christianity" to be beyond any such old-fogey notions as that! I pity the pastor who takes charge of that benighted church who want a minister who doesn't play croquet! I hope they may at last have to take a big, strong fellow, who is not only full of the sweet spirit of his Master, but full of the health and physical strength his Master has given him. And I hope he will not only preach them good sermons on Sunday, but, on a week-day, will invite them into his yard and say: "Come, brethren, let us have a good game of croquet."

I think a few good, earnest games would quicken their slow blood into more healthy physical action, and develop an innocent good-humor, which would banish some of their quips and cranks immediately.

I consider it more ennobling to true dignity to be willing to pause a moment from the consideration of weightier matters, and join in innocent out-of-door games or the recreations of the social circle, than to sit in a solitary corner in awful, unapproachable grandeur, with a "Don't you-wish-you-were-as-mighty-as-I?" expression of countenance, and growl at those who do.

I think it is a blessing to men who, having spent studious lives, are possessed, even to old age, of enough of the freshness of youth to yield them an interest in lively, healthful sports, such as are designed to develop and benefit our physical natures.

Heaven save us from long-faced, assumed dignity, which is appropriate to nothing but a publind owl who sits on the bough and winks and blinks at Heaven's own sunshine, and imagines himself very stately, when in truth he is nothing but ridiculous!

And, Heaven give us more ministers, and other men too, who are not afraid or ashamed to play croquet, or base-ball, or any other sport which has healthy exercise for its basis.

And, above all, Heaven enlighten that poor, benighted church who don't want a man for a minister, until they shall have a man who is both right and can see no impropriety in anything her Grace does.

Can you wonder that the children put on airs, and think themselves perfection, when such ideas have been grafted into them since they can remember?

It is natural we should think more of our own kith and kin, but it is the height of rudeness to boast about them. We all like praise; it encourages us to do better; but how it spoils all a person's talents and merits for him to brag about them.

There must be plenty of other topics of conversation to talk about in this world than ourselves, so we should not have to fall back upon that. I had rather have for a friend the dryest conversationalist than one eaten up with egotism.

F. S. F.

**MATRIMONY.**

WHEN I came to the time of reading story books, and interested myself in the love-affairs of others, I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to think of the sort of marriages I would have, were I to write a story, or plunge into that sea myself. My opinion hasn't much altered since then, and if the few hints I throw out are of any service to you, I'm sure you're welcome to them.

I wouldn't have the exact opposite—the very rich and very poor—wed, because the former would be always boasting of their wealth, and asking the other "what she supposed she would have been if he hadn't married her?" She ought to be thankful that he condescended to wed one so beneath him, and such like foolish talk. That style of language wouldn't suit me one

bit. There's too much pepper in my composition to stand it. I should flare up and tell him that he didn't feel in such condescending moods when he came to see me, or begged me to be his wife. I'd tell him that I used to inform him I had only my face for my fortune, and he said that was beyond riches; "so I consider I've got as much wealth as you." But all this will lead to bickerings, and more hateful things can not be found. So we'd all be better wed in our spheres. I am going to. Millionaires need not apply!

Don't marry a man on account of his dress; it's oftentimes deceptive. Perhaps it isn't paid for; maybe he has so much time to attend to the adornment of his outer self that he doesn't find any for the cultivation of his heart? It's not good policy to choose a husband by the number and shades of his neckties, or a wife by the smallness of her kid gloves. None of these will bring happiness, and I firmly believe married folks ought to be happy, even though Mrs. D. Vorce says it is not necessary at all. Does she think people want to be wrangling and quarreling all the time? I tell you what, Mrs. D. Vorce, if you'd had as warm a welcome at our grandmothers' and grandfathers' hearths as you seem to have in some modern households, we shouldn't have been blessed with so many reminiscences of old-time love as we have been privileged to do.

It's not wise to have too much difference in your ages, and I believe there's a law forbidding a person from marrying his grandmother. What a pity girls can not be prevented from marrying men old enough to be their grandfathers! I've seen May and December united, but I did not notice that there was much love between them. The old man was in a continual worry, for fear his young wife would marry again after he left this world, and if you could judge by the way May looked upon a masculine May, who was quite an Apollo, it certainly seemed as though she meant to do it.

How much better mated those persons are who wed in their own sphere and station in life! What a picture of comfort is presented to your view as you enter the home of the young mechanic! There is his wife busily getting the supper ready with her own hands, and glancing at the clock every moment, counting the minutes before his return; and when she hears his step on the pavement, how she runs to meet and greet him! I wouldn't wonder if they actually hugged and kissed each other. Now, if she had wed old Proudford, would she have dared to meet him in that manner? Not a bit of it. Yet she had the chance of wedding him, but she preferred the sunburnt face and rough hands, and honest heart, of the young mechanic to all the great houses, rich carpets, and costly furniture of old Proudford and his long line of ancestors he made so much boast of.

Girls, a word with you. Don't look forward to marrying rich husbands. Look, rather, to wedding good ones. As the business men say, "It will pay" in the end. Let silk wed silk, and fustian wed fustian. There'll be less harsh words and more kind deeds in matrimonial life, and fewer kind words.

Now, don't tell me, after I have written so much kindly and well-meant advice, that "this is all old maids' talk," because it isn't. It's solemn truth. I know I've a peppy disposition, but I can be just as solemn as an owl, when I want to be. Just heed these lines:

"Like blood, like goods, like ages,  
Make the happiest marriages."

EVE LAWLESS.

**ECOTISM.**

THE greatest pest of society is the egotist, whose constant use of the vowel "I" renders himself any thing but an agreeable companion, and if you are not ill-bred enough to tell him that his conversation is not agreeable to you, you must hear him to the end.

If he is an author, he will continue to ring in your ears how many periodicals he contributes to, how high he is paid for his articles, how much the editors think of him, and how many papers copy his productions. But you will never find him to be candid enough to tell you when he has an article rejected. That is not in the egotist's nature. He can find plenty of fault with other people's brain-work, but none with his own. If you good-naturedly point out his shortcomings, you make an enemy of him, and in his shallow brain he puts you down by a person without judgment or taste.

If the egotist be a professional singer, he will always desire to "wibble" a few songs before you. His whole conversation is about the reputation he has, and what the press and public say about him. There was a case of a singer, who was traveling through one of our large States, and, putting on a great many braggadocio airs, asked a person if he had never read any of the notices of his performances. The other answered that he had, and forthwith produced a paper. It wasn't a very complimentary notice, as you will see: "We have heard Mr. D— sing, and we have heard an owl hoot. We prefer the owl." Any one but an egotist would have been taken down by that, but, not so with the singer. He pronounced it all the work of a rival, who wanted to be as great a singer as he was, and couldnt.

But, egotism is not confined entirely to public life. It pervades the domestic circle as well. You'll find mothers praising up their own children much to the detriment of others, until one would imagine hers were quite a model to follow. If her Bob does so, it must be right, and she can see no impropriety in anything her Grace does.

Can you wonder that the children put on airs, and think themselves perfection, when such ideas have been grafted into them since they can remember?

It is natural we should think more of our own kith and kin, but it is the height of rudeness to boast about them. We all like praise; it encourages us to do better; but how it spoils all a person's talents and merits for him to brag about them.

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F. S. F.

■ ■ ■ A more glorious ideal dwells in our soul than any which it is given us to shape forth by pen or pencil upon earth; yet we go on amid our hopes and struggles, like the mariner, tossed from day to day on the waves of some stormy sea, yet each night dreaming of peace and security on shore.

**MR. AIKEN'S NEW STORY!**

We have in hand for early issue a new romance from the pen of Albert W. Aiken, which is

POWER, INTEREST AND BEAUTY

will eclipse any thing he yet has done, splendid as have been his literary conquests. It is so much a matter of course for us to present surprises, that readers expect each new serial to be new, in the widest sense, but in this instance we have a story

**SO WILD, SO WEIRD, SO STRANGE!**

that we would be doing both author and readers injustice not to announce the nature of his next contribution to the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is a work that long has been forming in the author's brain, first being suggested by a remarkable character in actual life,

**THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS!**

whose doings yet form the theme of wonder around many a camp-fire and bivouac. With this strange being as a central figure, Mr. Aiken has constructed, with consummate art, a story that enlists all his power as a delineator of character—all his skill as a dramatist; he says he is not wise to have too much difference in your want. Incidents are not especially attractive nor impressive, as such, and the style is much too diffuse. It is wholly unnecessary, in telling a story, to relate every thing that is supposed to happen, and the person can easily give the impression that it is unnecessary. The incidents are not necessarily important, but the plot is through all the motions" for him; or if he calls on his affiance, it is not necessary to tell all he says and does. This overloading a narrative with immaterial and irrelevant matter ruins any an

Sketch. "The Last Love," "The Brownie Bride," "The Lover's Glen," all are *tainted*. There is, running through each, a vein of impure thought or purpose, which is not at all to our taste. If the writer is a woman (as we suppose) let us suggest that what she would have to gain a gentle heart, and to have in her own hands, sounds even worse in print. The incidents

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

TO MY FRIEND.

BY MARGIE.

Am I awake? Can it be real?  
This hand that I hold in my own?  
These pressing fingers now I feel,  
Shall I but look and find them flown?

No—sleep I have; but thy love-light  
My spirit stirred with kindly beams;  
The dawning day dispels the night,  
Oh! how in hope if shining seems!

Bright glows thy smile. My opening eyes  
May look, not see, the world away;  
Now gaze they on the scene that lies  
Fair in the view of future day.

The last long night, the darksome past  
Has ended here since thou art come,  
A radiance o'er my path to cast  
To banish far all brooding gloom.

I have had friends! Once were the hours  
Passed fleeting with them, seeming kind,  
Adversity had trying powers.

Now few the outstretched hands I find.  
For dying friends fast flew my tears,  
And sad for those who went astray;  
Better for those, who with small fears,  
Proved false and fell from faith away.

Ah! cruel they to lift my heart  
To happy realms, firm, real, believed,  
Which at dark hour did but depart,  
And leave me broken, sad, deceived.

I deemed them friends; they were but dreams,  
Who with the might have gone away;  
But now, in thy sweet eyes pure gleam,  
I view a bright, eternal day.

## Gertrude's Contretemps.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Love him? I hate the very ground he walks on," and Gertrude Montclair turned a very decided face to the placid, elderly lady who sat by the open window, knitting a shaded orange stripe for a carriage afghan.

"I hope you are not going to create any sensation, Gertrude, by your foolish preoccupation against Mr. Warner. He is a very estimable gentleman, and, as your fiancée, husband, you are bound to respect him."

Mrs. Atherton knitted on while she spoke, never once raising her voice beyond its well-pitched key of conversational tone; and Gertrude, her black eyes moody and troubled, hated her aunt, as she watched her, almost as badly as she did Felix Warner.

"I haven't any idea of creating a sensation, aunt Ruth, but I can tell you one thing, that, when you see me unhappy and wretched as Mr. Warner's wife, you can take the blame on your own shoulders."

"Gertrude!"

Unheeding the warning word, spoken in a tone of indignation, the girl continued on, hotly:

"I believed before pa died, and I believe now, that it was you who advised him to arrange his will so that I would be left penniless, instead of heiress to twenty-five thousand dollars, if I did not marry your husband's nephew—this contemptible white-eyed Felix Warner!"

Mrs. Atherton deliberately folded up her gay words, and then answered Gertrude.

"I certainly never expected to hear my brother John's child speak so to me; I can not say how surprised and wounded I am. I am sorry, for your sake, that my husband's nephew does not come up to your expectations."

"And does he come up to yours?" Gertrude interrupted. "When we both saw him for the first time, three months ago, I plainly read your disapproval of his looks in your face!"

"He certainly is not very handsome, which seems strange, for the Warners are all good-looking, generally. But, Gertrude, he seems very gentlemanly, and—the will, you know."

"Yes, the will! and I hope I may be tempted to forego the fortune rather than be tied for life to that white owl!"

"Twenty-five thousand is not a sum to sneer at, my dear."

Mrs. Atherton remarked it as she went through the door; and Gertrude, springing to her feet, began promenading the room.

"Nor is Frank Fénelon a fellow to be sneered at. I'd rather have him, with only his salary to depend on, and his great, loving heart, than this horrid Mr. Warner, with my own fortune and his into the bargain. And I'll, too!"

He was a splendid fellow, this Frank Fénelon, whom no girl would have "sneered at." He was so refined and gentlemanly; so stylish and handsome, that it was little wonder Gertie Montclair had fallen in love with him.

She hadn't known him so very long either, for he had only come to Brookville in May—about a month before that disagreeable suitor of hers had come poking along.

There had been a fancy sort of bridge built over Racy Brook, and Frank was the architect who had designed it; consequently he was at the village some time on that business.

Then, so well pleased was old Squire Brentham with his elegant rustic bridge, that he employed Frank to design a summer house that was to be a cross between a Buddhist temple and a Chinese pagoda.

So Frank had plenty of work that kept him at Brookville—and he fell in love with this dusky-eyed, ebony-haired Gertrude, of mine, who knew she was destined to marry Mr. Warner, or else forfeit her money.

Frank had asked her to marry him that very afternoon that she launched out so bitterly to aunt Ruth; and now, after sundown of that clear, cool September day, she went out for a walk, to give her lover his answer, and tell him all about it.

She sauntered slowly along the village street, thinking very earnestly, very soberly.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was a great deal of money to give up for Frank Fénelon; but, the moment she contrasted Felix Warner's floury skin and large, whitish-blue eyes with the clear, bronze complexion of her lover, and his ruffled brown eyes, just the same color as his short, wavy hair and mustache, she fairly shivered as she contemplated the disgust she must feel at being obliged to be kissed by Felix Warner; while a kiss from Frank's lips, where the even white teeth gleamed sometimes—well, she didn't think she would at all object to that.

At the post-office she met him, and they walked together out to Squire Brentham's bridge, and, leaning over the oaken vines that formed the railing, Gertrude told Frank every thing, even to how truly and dearly she loved him, and would forfeit her life for his sake.

He was very grave—so grave that Gertie was a little frightened.

"You are a precious treasure, my darling, and I never could tell you how I honor you for your true-heartedness. But, Gertie, will I be doing right to permit you to become a poor woman for my sake?"

She nestled closely to him, and looked up in his tender, earnest eyes.

"Oh, Frank, you're not going to cast me off? For my sake, you should say; not for yours alone; I gladly throw this money away. I guess you don't love me as much as I do you?"

He laid his hand lightly on her lips.

"Gertie—never tell me I don't love you; you do not know how I worship you, my own true darling."

"Then you'll let me be your own—Frank, please?"

Who could resist such pleading, in such guileless love, from one he loved as he did?

He kissed her then—it was the first kiss he had ever offered her; a long, earnest kiss it was, that told Gertie how dear she was to him.

"You shall never regret this, my dearest."

"As if I didn't know that," she answered.

Of course, aunt Ruth Atherton was indignant when Gertrude told her, that same night, that she would not marry Felix Warner, money or no money, and that she did intend marrying Mr. Fénelon, and that, too, in six weeks' time!

"It's not so much that I pity poor Felix, Gertrude Montclair, nor regret the riches you have rejected. But to take up with this fellow—this stranger with no recommendation but a pretty face—Gertrude Montclair, I am ashamed—yes—I blush for you!"

"Well, you needn't," returned Gertie, coolly, "because, when you see Frank, you'll be ashamed that you ever harbored such a thought."

"When I see him, perhaps I will; for I solemnly declare, Gertrude, never to countenance this shameful affair!"

"Auntie!"

There was that in Gertrude's voice that made her be still; she quailed a moment, and then went on, fiercer than before.

"And take my advice, and make sure you're married when it comes to that. These adventurous, wandering rogues!"

Gertrude sprang up, white with passion.

"Aunt Ruth Atherton, I command you to be still, now and ever, on the subject of Mr. Fénelon, my future husband."

"Just let me bury the hatchet for aunt Ruth!"

"Don't call me 'aunt Ruth,' sir!"

"Why not? Are you not my deceased uncle Amos' widow? Introduce me," and drawled out, "to Mr. Warner."

"Gertie, dear—?" and to her astonishment Frank sauntered carelessly into the parlor, accompanied by Mr. Warner.

"Just let me bury the hatchet for aunt Ruth—"

"Yes, yes; go—go now."

But Hardeen Forde spoke recklessly. His object, then, was to be alone. When he gave the promise, he considered it forced upon him, and meant to avoid fulfillment of it.

"Yes, that's safe!" he continued to himself; and he returned the parchment to its place.

The welt upon his head was painful. Wetting his handkerchief from an ice-pitcher near him, he bathed the wounded part, and turned again to his desk.

Drawing back the panel which concealed an ingeniously-constructed drawer, he drew the latter out, and gazed steadfastly down upon the BLACK CRESCENT.

It was a curious piece of workmanship—perhaps six inches long, and four broad, and of most valuable composition.

The ground was pure, smooth jet, diversified with minute lines of garnet heads, and studded with diamonds at intervals of an inch; while the edging was solid gold, one quarter of an inch deep. The top of each prong was a small crown of rubies and pearls, with delicate threads of gold and black, like gauze-work, intermingled. It was, at least, an inch and a half in thickness, and the back of the whole was one solid plate of silver. Between the two edges, on the outside, from point to point, was a dark hair-line which might have indicated that the crescent could be laid open upon tiny concealed hinges, in the shape of a figure eight, without the joining line at the middle.

There lay the mysterious article, its many rich jewels glistening, sparkling, raying its confusion of brilliant colors in the light of the faint gas-jet; and Hardeen Forde, with an indefinable expression upon his white face, stood over it, contemplating it in silence.

What Gil Bret, the "rough," wanted for this crescent we are able to infer. The valuable gems would have been a fortune to any one.

Why Wat Blake wished to secure it we will learn anon.

Outside the library window, and almost

reaching to it, was a stout grape vine. Upon the top strip of this rack, his two hands clinging to the silt, was a man.

As Hardeen Forde stood there, his eyes fixed upon the Crescent, another pair of eyes were watching him, through the window-panes.

At last Forde closed the drawer, and as he refastened the desk, he said, slowly:

"No! No! No! I must never part with it. Great Heaven! what would be the consequences? Did not Madame Fernandes say that—that—But away with such words! Am I not miserable enough in remembering, without repeating the dark syllables? God!—is the world at large as superstitious as I am? If it is—unhappy world! It is heretical. I have fought oh! how I have struggled in resistance of the clammy coils! But in vain—I fear something; something continually! That fearful curse!—that dread prophecy! Ha! ha! some one repeats them in my ear! No, no, it is my fancy. Only fancy. I wonder—if—I am—going—MAD!" He sunk into a chair, and the aged head bowed upon his breast. The weary, sunken eyes were fixed vacantly upon the carpet. "My poor Eola!" She, before whom the proud and wealthy in mid world, go down upon their knees, if their reward was to be an approving smile!—she, who never knew a care or sorrow; beloved of all who knew her; all on earth to Austin Burns—Ha! I must not think of him! He is Bertha Blake's son;—my own child! Bertha's letter said so! I dare not doubt it! And she, poor girl, knows not the abyss through which I am tottering!—knows not that, at any moment, we may be crushed, trampled upon, shamed before the world! And I, I have wrought this state of things, through a folly of former days!—folly? it was crime! Oh! that I could have reasoned with my nature then! Would that I had taken the hand outstretched in forgiveness three years ago!—and all might have been well!"

His face was buried in his hands; a low, painful sob told that he was weeping.

"My child, did you strike me just now?"

"Strike you?" and the arms that had wound round his neck dropped nerveless to her side. "Strike you! Oh, father, what do you mean? I have only been here a few seconds. When I came, you were arising from the floor, as though you had been lying there. I do not know what you mean. You are bloody! Something has happened! Something—something—"

His head was bruised, and the flesh broken. In feeling the welt that was upon his head, the blood therefrom had stained his hand.

He quickly thrust the discolored hand from her sight.

"How long have you been here, Eola?"

"Scarcely a second. Ah! there is blood upon your hand! Oh! tell me what has happened! Something—something—"

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"Don't call me 'aunt Ruth,' sir!"

"Why not? Are you not my deceased uncle Amos' widow? Introduce me," and drawled out, "to Mr. Warner."

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"Gertie!"

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"Oh, Frank, you're not going to cast me off? For my sake, you should say; not for yours alone; I gladly throw this money away. I guess you don't love me as much as I do you?"

When they departed, she continued swiftly on to her destination, which was the house of Harnden Forde, on Eutaw street.

Reaching here, she made her way through the narrow alley, and inserting her arm in the large, round hole near the latch of the gate, she slipped the bolt.

The library window was before her, and the stout grape rack offered means of reaching it.

"I may venture," she thought, "it is almost time for Wat to be here."

But few women can ascend a ladder with ease of mind and body, and it was with no little difficulty she made her way to the top.

The back windows of other houses in the vicinity were darkened. No wakeful eyes marked her actions, and, after much exertion, she reached the top strip.

"Burns—Austin Burns!"

She came forward from the lounge, where she had stood for a few seconds, looking down into the young man's face, and drew up a chair beside the blunt, but kind-hearted Doctor Cauley.

"Who did you say?" he asked, quickly.

"Austin Burns. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Retain your judgment, madam, and see if I look like a jack-a-noun, I mean. Of course I know him. At least, I attended his uncle, when that good gentleman died—which he would do, despite all the medicine I gave him. And I then heard quite a romantic story."

"Ah!"

"Certainly. This party wasn't his, Austin Burns', uncle, after all. See? A waif, a basket arrangement, a vestibule sensation. Well, in this basket was—tired, madam? You look pale. Have a glass of water."

"No, no; mere fatigue. Go on, doctor."

"Well, in this basket was twenty thousand dollars! Where the child came from, or who or what it was, nobody in that family could imagine. I was the family physician, and I got into the secrets of the occurrence. See?"

"Not exactly. I knew the secret of the family having adopted the child; that's all, madam. And I knew the gentleman who adopted it was a most honorable party. When he died, I knew that young Burns, then grown to be a man, came into possession of a round fortune—or a square bank account, whichever you choose. Rumor has reached my ears of an engagement, too, between Burns and Eola Forde, daughter of Harnden Forde, a gentleman well known and respected in this community, etc., etc., etc."

"Exercising great caution, she advanced toward the room, and had almost reached it, when Forde's first words fell upon her ears.

"Wake up, Wat. Blake! Wake up, and meet your doom!"

"Great heaven! he is killing Wat!" Heedless now of caution she ran to the doorway.

The sight she saw fairly brought her heart to her throat.

Forde was striving to wring information from the lips of the helpless man, whom he was strangling!

Had not Forde been so wrapt in his inhuman work, he would have heard the step of the rescuer, behind him.

Closing her hands upon the cane, with all her strength, she poised it above her head.

True to its aim, it cut the air, and Forde lay insensible at her feet.

"Quick, quick, Wat! Merciful heaven! what an escape!"

She untied the rope which bound him, and he, choking, half blind, gasping for breath, staggered to his feet.

With all the enduring iron of his strong frame, he could not recover himself at once, and weak, dizzy, faint, the room spinning round before his hazed vision, like a vortex of inconceivable things, he was led, or rather dragged, away.

"Come, Wat! Oh! hurry. He may recover at any moment. Come—the crescent!"

As they passed a room on the second floor, where a light shone through the transom of the door, she paused to knock.

Eola appeared.

"Harnden Forde is in the third story, and needs assistance. Go to him," and without saying more, they hurried on to the library.

Wat. Blake drank deeply from the ice-pitcher, and as the pure, refreshing beverage infused a new life into his body, his first words were:

"Too late, Bertha! Too late! We can not get the crescent to-night. But it is in there—in that desk! I am sure of it. Mark it well."

"Oh! no; no; not too late! Do not say it is too late!" she cried. "Let us force it open!"

"I tell you it is too late! We must wait now till some more favorable time. Hark!"

Some one was even then, rapidly descending the stairs.

"I told you so!" he added. "Be quick, now! Out at the window!"

"But are you strong enough?"

"Yes, yes, hurry. There is no time for words. I do not wish to encounter this man, now, or I may do him harm," frowning and glancing toward the door.

When he had followed her and closed the sash, he said:

"Go home, now, sister. I shall remain here. Perhaps I may yet procure the crescent; for it is in that desk! Ah! it is Forde himself. See; he enters. He is at the desk. There, go now. Make no noise in getting down."

Reluctantly she left him and turned homeward.

Wat. Blake watched—waited. He fairly raised his shoulders above the sill, to see better, when Forde opened the drawer in which lay the mysterious crescent.

"Perchance he will leave the library shortly, and I may secure it after all."

But he was doomed to disappointment. Forde seated himself, and the agonizing thoughts which dwelt within him were depicted thoroughly upon his face, and noted by the watcher.

"Can it be that he sleeps?" Blake asked himself, as the moments flew by, and still Forde sat there, still and silent. "If so, mayhap I can pick his pocket of the key, and get the crescent and the certificate ere he wakes!"

But an attempt to raise the sash proved the contrary to his hopes; and, as Forde started from his seat, Blake dropped to the ground and ran out at the gate—but not in time to escape being seen by the man who would have been his murderer.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

The woman in black, upon returning to her home, found Doctor Cauley in an easy-chair, dozing before the fire.

A glance at the lounge told her that Austin was sleeping, and she addressed the physician in a whisper.

"How does he seem, doctor?"

"Ay—ho—um—m—" yawning and looking at her in a quizzical way. "Retains his life and goes to sleep in ease. See? You're back sooner than you said. It's now the bewitching hour of morning's night, when burglars prowl and—you know it's one of our systems, madam, in Baltimore, to leave front doors unlocked?"

"It is a venture," she thought. "It is almost time for Wat to be here."

Reaching here, she made her way through the narrow alley, and inserting her arm in the large, round hole near the latch of the gate, she slipped the bolt.

The library window was before her, and the stout grape rack offered means of reaching it.

"I will not close it," moving noiselessly toward the door. "There is no knowing in what haste I may have to pass out again. Ah! hark!"

There was a scarce audible footstep on the stairs. So sudden came the sound, that she paused, undecided, midway across the room.

But the one outside—who was Harnden Forde seeking the room of his strange and unwelcome guest—continued past.

With a few quick, silent steps, she reached the door, and found it barely closed. To open it, slightly, was the work of a moment, and by the dim rays of a small burner which lighted the second floor, she saw Forde, with the significant ropes in his hand, just turning at the landing.

The ropes, the cat-like tread, with which he was ascending the stairs, at once struck her.

Could she have obtained a glimpse of his face?

But, sight of the ropes, especially, filled her mind with suspicion.

In the corner, by her, stood a thick piece of heavy, unyielding wood. Almost involuntarily she grasped this and stole after him, moving no less like a specter than he.

He led her to the third story; then he disappeared into the room where Wat. Blake slumbered, unconscious of the frail thread upon which hung his life.

Exercising great caution, she advanced toward the room, and had almost reached it, when Forde's first words fell upon her ears.

"Wake up, Wat. Blake! Wake up, and meet your doom!"

"Great heaven! he is killing Wat!" Heedless now of caution she ran to the doorway.

The sight she saw fairly brought her heart to her throat.

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"Come, Wat! Oh! hurry. He may recover at any moment. Come—the crescent!"

As they passed a room on the second floor, where a light shone through the transom of the door, she paused to knock.

Eola appeared.

"Positively, the sum total of my information. Retain my reputation as a truth-teller by making affidavit to that effect."

"Did you ever hear of one Harold Haxon?" she inquired, after a brief pause in their conversation.

"Think I have. Can't say for certain."

"I may tell you, doctor, that Austin Burns was stabbed to-night, by this Haxon; and the incentive to the foul act, was jealousy."

Doctor Cauley opened mouth and eyes, as she went on to detail the circumstances of the existing enmity on Haxon's part.

"He wishes to remove Austin from his path," she said, in conclusion; "and he has a strong ally, in a villainous wretch, named Gil. Bret."

"The rascal! We must catch him—both of them—send them to the Penitentiary."

"No. Not yet. What I have told you, you will retain sacredly private. The time has not come yet; and I am managing matters. I shall consider you pledged to say nothing to any one of our conversation."

"I have found my brother, Mrs. Lenner, and he is with me. Then there is a young man—"

"A young man?"

"Yes. I knew you could accommodate us in rooms, but feared your humble table would not be equal to two more hearty and unexpected eaters, at noon, so I brought you a basket of goodies. No questions, now, if you please; I will explain all this evening. Have the rooms fixed for us. We are coming at once. Now I must go!"

"My! my! my! Why, you ain't hardly sat down yet!"

"Good day, my dear Mrs. Lenner. Have the rooms ready."

She left the house, and hastened toward the cars.

Already too much time had elapsed since leaving Austin, and she was anxious for his comfort.

When she reached her home, Wat. Blake was there, seated, beside, and conversing with Austin Burns.

"I have, indeed; 'cause there's two on 'em been idly a month," sides the garret, 'at this darlin', angel of a critter has took only for a day or two; and one of my boarders left to-day, to go to Washin-ton, and—But what on this earth do you want three for?"

"I have found my brother, Mrs. Lenner, and he is with me. Then there is a young man—"

"A young man?"

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"Well, dear Wat., you followed them?"

"In an undertone, and drawing him aside. 'Yes.'"

"Where to?"

"To a saloon, where, thinking they were alone, they discussed their situation. The leather bag given you by Louise Ternor, was a prize Gil. Bret had counted on obtaining. At least, I judge so; for the ruffian told Haxon, that if they did not procure money immediately they were penniless."

"Ah! this is news. But, what else?"

"They have hit upon a supply of wants. Haxon is to obtain the Black Crescent!"

"No! no! no!" she cried; "he must not get it! Oh! Wat., this must be prevented!"

"Never fear, sister. In the first place, we know he will not part with it. That accursed superstition of his is too strong. Haxon and Bret met at the Golden Gates to-night at eight o'clock. Bret has the paper which gives them power over Forde. What that paper is, I know not; but, I will have it before to-morrow!"

"Yes, yes, Wat., obtain it. But, oh! do you think the crescent is safe?"

"I do—Ah! there's the cab. How do you feel now, Burns?"

"Bitter—stronger; but, still very weak," replied Austin.

"Well, cheer now; here's the cab at the door, and we must get you into it. Then we'll soon have you in a comfortable bed."

Austin was seated, easily, in the cab, and when Blake had securely fastened the house, the vehicle, with its three occupants, moved slowly away.

Reaching Mrs. Lenner's, that lady learned, for the first time, that the young man was injured in some way, and Jacob, her husband, was brought, running, to their assistance.

While carrying Austin up-stairs—scarcely permitting his feet to touch the steps—they encountered a shrinking form upon the first landing, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the woman in black paused abruptly.

"Marian Mead!"

"Shu it was; and, as she heard that voice, she sprung forward and threw her arms around the other's neck.

"Did I not tell you, last night, when I left you on Eutaw street, that Harold Haxon meant mischief? See—it was almost a murder."

"Oh! are you here? I'm so glad! I know you are my friend."

The woman in black was about to speak, when she heard Austin Burns cry out, in feeble tones:

"Giving me to the fishes!" and she narrated fully the particulars concerning Austin's presence there.

"For our poor, wronged niece's sake, dear Wat., we must assist him."

"Ay, with my own life, I'll help him."

Blake retired to his room, while the woman in black continued to watch her charge.

It was after a few hours' refreshing sleep that she rejoined her.

A light repast was spread in the dining-room, and, during the meal, she acquainted him with the necessity of removal.

"Now that they know where



## SHAKY FLAT.

BY DAVID PAULDING.

A beauty? Yer oder see'd her mother!  
Yet wouldn't ax ter see another!  
She war tall and straight, her hair in curly  
ringlets; her eyes were like this shirl's.  
*How did she die?* I'm a-gittin' ter that!  
That's whar it happened, on Shaky Flat.

The level bit of ground over ther river,  
Thinks it's got ther ater with its "tarnal shiver.  
Bess, ther old woman, she war too good fur me,  
She had l'arnin', she had, and not stuck up. She  
War off her, but ther likes that shirl's.  
That's whar it happened, on Shaky Flat.

He wura purfessor or student in some sort of college;  
And thar he day he stopped to rest himself, he  
War off perite, he war, ter both Bess and me.  
He staid three weeks, and I never thought no  
hurt;

If I had— Wal, you wouldn't like to been in his  
shirt.  
Thar war blood in my heart as I started arter.

I ken them huns and Bess war gone out.  
I thought nothing wrong, but went nosing about  
The house, till I spied a note; it told ther tale and  
She d' gone with ther stranger—she left this land!  
I gripped old kill-devil, my gun, and kissed my  
darter:  
Thar war blood in my heart as I started arter.

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I thought nothing wrong, but went nosing about  
The house, till I spied a note; it told ther tale and  
She d' gone with ther stranger—she left this land!

And she sunk lower and lower, then shivering

## The Traitor Page.

BY C. D. CLARK.

LONDON, in the days of the "good Queen Bess." The London of that day was not the London of the present, yet it was a great city, famous for its wealth, its learning and power even in that day. The streets are crowded with pedestrians, and sedan chairs are passing to and fro, from the curtains of which beauties in heavy silks, high starched ruffs and plumed head-dresses, peep out into the street. Gay cavaliers are passing, some on foot, some on horseback, their spurs clanking on the pavements. The dominant garb is the short doublet of silk, knee-breeches, shoes confined by broad buckles—usually of some precious metal—and wide-brimmed hats with drooping feather fastened to the side. All wore swords, which were as much a part of their attire in that day as the doublet.

A cavalier was passing rapidly down one of the principal streets, clad in this fashion, with the exception that he wore a heavy cloak, reaching below the waist, thrown over his shoulders. He walked with a quick, erect, military stride, and it was plain to see that he was a soldier. His business seemed to hurry him, for he looked neither to the right nor left, never heeding the glances of admiration which he received from bright eyes as he passed. He wore his hair long, after the manner of the gentry of the day, and it fell in rich brown curls upon his shoulders. His beard was closely cut, except the drooping mustache, at that time only worn by the gentry and soldiers. Feeling a light hand laid upon his shoulder, he turned quickly and saw a page, whose dress was an exact copy of his own in every respect, for the pages of quality aped the manners and costumes of their masters. The boy had a short, cunning face, and a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and had a gaunt, saucy air, peculiar to his race, who lived in an atmosphere of intrigue.

"Ha, Ralph Ringbird," cried the cavalier.  
"Are you there? Speak, then."

"I can speak when I see occasion, and hold my tongue when it is necessary, Sir Wilton," said the boy, insolently.

"Be not malapert, young sir," said the cavalier, frowning, "lest I find it necessary to comb thy hair for thee. What is your message?"

"How know you that I have a message, fair sir?" said the boy, sneeringly. "By'r lady, it is not of my own will that I come to you, I promise you."

"There, then," said the cavalier, putting money in the boy's hand. "Let that content thee."

"Nothing sooner, good sir," said the boy, changing his tone. "If I saw thy hand in thy purse often, perhaps I might serve thee better. I am commissioned to lead you by the way you wot of, to visit a fair lady."

"Is it so, good youth?" cried the cavalier, joyfully. "Give me good service, and thou shalt find I know how to recompense it. Lead on quickly."

The boy moved a few paces in advance, and for some time they proceeded in silence, the gentleman merely following the lead of his companion. At last they paused before a large building, the gate of which they passed, and turning into another street found a small door in the wall, which the page opened by means of a key, which he took from his doublet. The cavalier followed him in, and the door was locked behind him.

"It will be well for me if our good Queen Bess does not know the part I am taking in this business, for my head might come to the block sooner than I wish," said Ringbird.

"Then you expect the fate some time, friend Ralph?" said the cavalier.

"Why not? Our family are famous for it, since the days of old Ralph Ringbird, chief equerry to the good King William, the Norman, who was beheaded because he knew too much. I am like to have the same fate one day. But, what care I? What will be will be, and I will live as merry a life as I can until the day shall come."

"Forward, good Ralph, I beg you."

"I am going," said Ralph. "You will not move so blithely to the block, when it comes your turn to pass from the town to the traitor's gate."

"Ha, young hound! I will throttle you if you breathe that word again. Let me tell you that the race of Blount are never traitors."

"Good lack, there are many degrees of traitorism, my captain. Take your hand from my throat, or I guide you no further. Ask yourself the question whether you had better be my friend or mine enemy."

The cavalier, who, in his wrath, had seized the boy by the neck, removed his hand and signed to him to go on. They entered by a low arched doorway, passed through many corridors, and arrived at a room richly furnished and evidently the ante-room to a lady's boudoir.

"Remain here, Sir Wilton, and I will let my lady know that you are come," said the page. He disappeared by an inner door, and a moment after there was a rustle of

silk, and a beautiful woman entered—so beautiful that even the absurd fashions of the day could not deform her. The cavalier sprang forward, caught her white hand in his and pressed his lips upon it, and the look in her fair face was enough to show that she loved him and would make any sacrifice for his sake.

"You sent for me, Lady Anne," he said, in a passionate tone. "It needed no more than that to bring me to your feet."

"Ah, Wilton," she said, "if we but lived in a land where the will of a woman could not put this restraint upon us and force us to meet by stealth. Even now I am putting your life in jeopardy because I desired to see you."

"What do I care for that, Anne? To see you, to look into your face, is worth a life to me. I know that you love me and have given me a heart worth the wealth of all the world. What right has this woman, although a queen, to come between us?"

"Hush, Wilton Blount! You know not what you say. The name of our queen is a tower of strength, and for less than you have said men have found the Tower and the block."

"If she will play the tyrant to those who have loved her, she must lose their respect. The Blounts have been loyal, but I for one will not have a woman, be she queen or peasant, dictate to me whom I shall love."

The sharp face of Ralph Ringbird was thrust through the curtains listening intently, and a terrible look passed over it at these words. It was well for him that the lovers were too much engaged with each other to take notice, or they would have seen them.

"Listen to me, my love," said Wilton Blount. "You know that I have been in the service of France, although I have never lifted my sword against England, and never will. With the French king I can do anything, and in his country I can find an asylum. You, Lady Anne Burton, are maid of honor to the queen, and she has promised your hand to one of her favorites, Dorset. Do you love him?"

"I am answered. Then let us leave the land where our loves can only make trouble and seek with the King of France a refuge and a home. You know that, if you stay here, the queen can force you to marry Dorset. The ship in which we can embark has permission to depart. Her sails are bent and she only waits her passengers. Remember me."

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